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Zion's Herald.

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The Outlook.

The decision reached by the French Cabinet to prosecute the directors of the Panama Canal will result, it is believed, in one of the most memorable criminal trials of the century. The powerful official and other influences which have succeeded thus far in preventing a searching investigation into the affairs of the company, or, at least, the pushing of the prosecution of the authors of the most gigantic fraud of the age, are of no avail, and the public outcry for justice can no longer be disregarded. Even at the last the cabinet had a heated discussion, and the Minister of Justice threatened to resign unless the trial should proceed. The facts against the company are no secret, but there has always been some interposing power to choke off investigation. It seems that the company sold stocks and bonds amounting in cash to \$205,000,000, and incurred obligations of more than \$425,000,000. Substantially all the money is gone, and there are left a few pieces of rusty and worthless machinery and an excavated ditch which is rapidly returning to its original condition. Only a little more than one-third of the vast sum of money received was actually used in the work of the Canal. The French press was lavishly subsidized, so that, with one honorable exception, there could be obtained no true account of what was being done. M. de Lesseps and M. Eiffel of Tower fame are the most prominent directors. It is charged that the latter received \$12,000,000 for work and material not furnished, though this has been denied. It is certain that there has been the most unparalleled extravagance and that fabulous sums of money have been misappropriated. Even when applying for government aid the company positively refused to show its books. The best estimate gives \$100,000,000 as necessary to the completion of the Canal—a sum absolutely impossible to raise; and it is believed that if ever finished it will be by the United States. This, however, will not be done unless the Nicaragua Canal is proven an impossibility.

The recent convention of the Knights of Labor at St. Louis is noticeable as giving the general outlook over the field of labor as regarded by those whose opportunities of survey are the best. Grand Master Powderly, in his address, does not speak in the most encouraging tone. The treasurer's exhibit of \$805 in the treasury against \$6,203 a year ago, is a disheartening item at the outset. He notes a falling-off in the interest in the insurance companies connected with the order, pleads for the enrolling of every branch of toil under the shield of the order, and says that the tendency of the labor movement is to divide while capital is all the time consolidating. He states very truly that all enactments of every nature for the benefit of the workman will ultimately fail of their purpose "while the tide of immigration floods on in an uninterrupted stream." Another thought of his is: "There is more of a revenue drawn from the pockets of manufacturers and workmen in one month by the railroads and telegraphs than we pay in tariff for a year." He believes that workmen will ultimately have to go into politics and become legislators. While not speaking encouragingly, he finds the order slightly increased in membership, out of debt, and with property investments of \$100,000.

The advocates of the public-school system may well take heart at the decision reached at the conference of Archbishops held in New York last week. To be sure, it does not go very far, but it is a step in the right direction, and certainly more was accomplished than many were led to expect. For a long time there has been a radical difference of opinion between Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland and their adherents on one side, and Archbishop Corrigan and his sympathizers on the other. The former seemed to have striven for a *modus vivendi* between the public school and the parochial school, the outcome of which was the so-called Fairbank plan whereby the parochial school was taken under charge of the public school authorities. It aroused the ire of Archbishop Corrigan, who strove unsuccessfully to secure the Pope's condemnation of it. The recent conference of all the Archbishops in the United States was to consider the whole status of the public-school question, including this special phase of it. It resulted, after a long discussion in which a special legate of the Pope participated, in the adoption of two resolutions, the second of which embodied the idea that children attending public schools should have special instruction in Sunday-schools and during certain week days in "Christian doctrine"—to which there can be little objection. The noticeable fact is that there is a plain recognition of the public-school system; no condemnation of it as "godless;" and, by inference, that it is perfectly proper for Catholic parents to send their children to the public schools.

The course of the United States authorities on the spot in the celebrated Barrundia affair, where, it will be remembered, a refugee was shot while under the nominal protection of the American flag, has always met with severe criticism and condemnation. A similar occurrence recently ended much more happily. Senor Mijares, a Venezuelan, and a former Minister of the Interior, took passage on an American steamer at Curacao, a Dutch port, for New York. The steamer touched at La Guayra, a Venezuelan port, and the officials sent a guard to search the ship and arrest Mijares on a pretended criminal charge. Captain Chambers called all hands and cast off from the pier before the guard could accomplish its purpose. He then went ashore, consulted with Minister Scruggs, and was informed that it was not his duty to surrender a political refugee. The custom-house officials thereupon refused clearance papers, and the steamer left without them. The United States government sustains the captain's action, though he will doubtless have fines to pay on his return to Venezuela.

THE CATACOMBS.

REV. W. W. RAMSAY, D. D.

THE Christian antiquarian will be delighted long and with increasing interest by the

Catacombs of Rome. Their extent, preservation, purpose and testimony must be to him a study of surpassing pleasure. We mention the Catacombs at Rome, for while others at Syracuse, Alexandria, and Naples have much to interest the student of ancient history, they add but little to the stores of information offered by those at Rome, which have been so carefully studied and so graphically delineated by men who devoted a lifetime to their investigation.

While the main features of these old charnel houses have come to be well understood, some matters of minor importance have not yet been so unanimously settled. The derivation of the word "catacombs," for example. That view appears preferable which traces it to two Greek words meaning "to lie down." Another point on which opinions differ is as to whether the earliest subterranean burial-places were prepared for that special purpose, or whether advantage was taken of excavations that had been made for procuring building materials. The former opinion meets with greater favor. The best authorities now hold that the earlier Jews at Rome clung to the burial customs of their fathers rather than practice the pagan rite of cremation. And with the rise of Christianity, the hope of the resurrection inspired them to regard with even greater appreciation the custom of Christian burial. The earlier Jews had chosen the region outside the walls in which were extensive districts of volcanic tufa, where they easily made the excavations—an arrangement which the Christian was anxious to continue through the centuries of fierce persecution when, as St. Cyprian said, "It is impossible to number the martyrs of Christ."

The word "catacombs," commonly applied to all subterranean cemeteries, was at first restricted to the one which took its name from Sebastian, who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian. It is surprising that of the forty-two such burial-places environing Rome, that of St. Sebastian alone should have remained known to the world through the Dark Ages. But such is the fact. It is situated on the Appian Way about two miles from the Sebastian gate. A church said to have been erected by Constantine over the entrance to the cemetery, saved it from the prevailing fate of being forgotten. The consecutive history relating to the discovery of the other catacombs which for seven centuries had remained unknown, sounds like a fairy story; but it is as true as surprising. It was in the year 1578, when some laborers, while digging near the Salarian Way, came upon the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. The discovery imparted great enthusiasm to antiquarian investigations in these long-forgotten caverns. Men vied with each other in their devoted efforts, and saw their zeal crowned with largest success, as cemetery after cemetery yielded up its buried secrets and revealed interesting evidences of the triumphs of suffering Christians long ago crowned. The more important of these underground cemeteries are known as the Callixtus, Prætextatus, Domitilla, St. Helena, St. Cyriacus, St. Agnes, Alexander and Priscilla. Thus after many ages of unbroken silence was the patient antiquarian rewarded with numerous interesting volumes of original "sermons in stones."

The Construction of the Catacombs

is worthy the attention of the curious. Those of which we write are within two or three miles of the walls of Rome, and communicate with the outer world through about six hundred openings. Some of these are covered by churches, others are provided with symmetrical arches, while the greater number are overgrown with weeds and are half-hidden by the debris of ages. Only a few of these openings are provided with suitable means of entrance into what Jerome styled "the crypts dug in the heart of the earth." Each catacomb has some special characteristic of symbol and inscription, but there is much in common belonging to all. Of these there are two features which may be specially noted, and should be clearly understood: They are the galleries or corridors, and the cubicles or chambers.

The galleries are the underground passages dug in the volcanic rock, extending in all directions, branching off from each other at all angles, thus forming a complete maze of intersecting avenues, only a few of which continue far in one course, and from which there are branches of branches scores of times intersected. It is an intricate puzzle

whose picture can scarcely be followed by the eye, and whose real paths must prove too many for any but well-experienced guides. We read of many who have wandered in these caves with terrible experiences. As late as 1837 a party of students, with their teacher, entered one of these dark labyrinths, never again to come into the outer world. Their numbers are variously estimated from sixteen to thirty, but not one of the company ever found his way out of that city of the dead. An instance, too, is related of a disciple of Voltaire, who was lost in one of the remote galleries, groping about for a day and a night, touching only rocky walls and moldering bones, until, with subdued spirit and defeated courage, he was rescued from what threatened to be a living tomb. His peril was sanctified, for he became a devout and exemplary Christian. The longer galleries are from three to five feet wide, and usually about six to eight feet high, while those of lateral directions are narrower; and what may excite surprise is, that they often, like the stories of a house, lie one gallery above another, reached by connecting stairs. In one part of St. Callixtus there are seven galleries one above another. The graves, or loculi, are cut in the walls or sides of these galleries. The bodies were placed lengthwise, one above another. The front of the grave was closed with one marble slab, or with three tiles, cemented so as to exclude the air from the bodies. These slabs and tiles are objects of very special interest, for it is on them the inscription or symbol was engraved or painted. These were very rude, especially the earliest of them. They were traced in red or black paint, or, when cut in the stone, the letters were more plainly brought out by being traced with vermilion or other bright coloring. So these corridors, though very narrow, were lined with graves, and when more accommodations were desired, other galleries were excavated. But as we remember that they were needed to supply graves for the Christian dead through ten generations of unparalleled history, we are prepared to believe the startling statements concerning their extent. The united length of these galleries has been variously estimated; but the opinion of Martigny is considered to be judicious, and he had good reason, as he supposed, to place it at 587 miles. There would thus be more than one thousand miles of wall, behind whose lettered surface slept the dust of the thousands of remnants of Christian soldiers who had found a coveted resting-place wherein they might await the morning of the resurrection.

Explorers have been busy in attempting to compute the numbers of these tenanted graves, and have been warranted in placing it at six millions or more, of which seventy thousand were actually counted. But why not, if, as Tertullian wrote, "We are but of yesterday, yet we fill every city, town and island of the empire. We abound in the very camps and castles, in the council chamber and the palace, in the senate and the forum; only your temples and theatres are left." Their tombs were under the protection of law, and only in times of most fiendish persecution was the common right of sepulture violated.

The other feature of the Catacombs to be mentioned, was the small chambers, cut in the side of the gallery, being rectangular, octagonal, or of circular form. These were probably family vaults, and were intended to accommodate friends attending the funeral service, which with other features also embraced the holy communion. These chambers were usually in side from eight to fourteen feet on a side, being often separated from the corridor by neatly constructed lattice-work. Except in times of severe persecution they would hardly be considered large enough for regular worship. Larger rooms, called cubicles, were not uncommon, and were frequently so conveniently connected as to afford accommodations for a good-sized congregation, while other thousands were compelled to bear the cross and stay away.

Some have affirmed that these subterranean arrangements secured perfect secrecy and consequent exemption from disturbance. But a moment's reflection must show how impossible was the one, and how improbable the other. Doubtless the virulent persecutor kept well informed as to the whereabouts and employment of the Christian multitudes, and while often in the cloisters of these tortuous corridors they might for the hour worship without molestation, they could scarcely be oblivious to its danger. And so the years swept away till, by the edict of Constantine (A. D. 313), the new faith was welcomed to the bright light and highest privileges of the mighty Roman empire. But the church did not cease subterranean internments until the overthrow of the city by Alaric, A. D. 410. For, as Mommsen says: "The expense of the wasted Campagna now offered room enough to bury the few bodies without having to descend, as once, far down below the surface of the earth."

And now a word about

The Inscriptions

on thousands of these old tombs. Many of these have been removed to the Lapidarian Gallery in the Vatican, but their significance is no less weighty. Large volumes filled with the symbols and epitaphs of these old slabs must, on account of their geological, artistic and ritualistic bearing, prove of incalculable importance in settling certain disputes concerning the faith and observances of the infant church. The rudest carving we have ever seen is on the historic tombs at Plymouth; but their interest is only heightened by that fact. So in the Catacombs we may be charmed by the simplicity and homeliness of their crude inscriptions. The letters may not be of uniform size, and the Latin far from elegant; the doves may often resemble some other bird, and the human face betray any other than peaceful emotions; but they are satisfactory

attempts of surviving friends to picture the virtue, triumph and rest of those for whom they hopefully sorrowed. With all the diversity of these inscriptions there was considerable sameness. "In pace" told the story which was ever true, therefore "In pace" was always appropriate.

We are astonished to find so few tombs indicating victims of martyrdom. Not more than five such have been discovered. The reason assigned is curious. Martyrdom was a coveted prize, and like any other treasure should be received and enjoyed with meekness, without boasting. But that is a refinement of modesty which is as improbable as it is unusual. A better explanation is that the primitive life was a cheerful one, and nothing sad or disheartening was in any way recognized. Everything proclaimed victory. It was to them triumph rather than defeat, resurrection rather than death. Therefore consistency kept from their tombs anything which might be a minor chord in their song of praise. For the same reason, doubtless, the cross occurs but few times comparatively. Millman says that there is no representation of the crucifixion or of the entombment of our Lord. The resurrection, however, has numerous and varied representations. The anchor, palm, and crown frequently occur, indicating hope and triumph. The Good Shepherd carrying the lamb and leading the flock is of easy application as well as of pleasing frequency. In a crypt of the second century is a representation of our Lord's baptism. Jesus appears standing in the stream while John on the bank pours the water on His head. Nor has the artist forgotten to picture the descending dove. A similar scene is found in the Catacomb of Callixtus; it belongs to the third century.

Peter's primacy does not receive any encouragement from these stones, though in St. Priscilla we read, "Paulus Pastor Apostolus." Peter, however, has not been neglected, as the fresco in which the crowing cock stands suggestively near will attest. Dr. Whitrow says: "It is remarkable that so little reference is made to St. Peter in this early Christian sculpture."

Our Lord's mother has a subordinate place in the oldest pictures, nor does she appear with any suggestions of the conventional Madonna till the fifth century. A figure copied from the Catacomb of Priscilla was claimed to be intended for her, until in a careful study of the original the leaden scourge was ascertained to belong to the picture, and this placed it in the undistinguished list of Christian martyrs.

We were interested to see from an inscription of A. D. 306 that Bishop Leo, who survived eighty years, acknowledged that his wife Laurentia had made his tomb. He further records that "she was suited to his disposition, she was venerable and faithful." Here is one Leo who, so far as matrimony is concerned, is in Peter's succession.

If the Catacombs were designed to confute the heresies which uncrowned our Lord, they could not more directly have presented evidences for His divinity. It exists in monograms, in name, in association of names, in ritualistic formulae, and in concise epigram. "May you live in God Christ, in God, the Lord Christ, in Christ God, in the Lord Jesus," is one such testimony.

But we must close by assuring our reader that for splendid devotion, patient suffering, unassuming triumph, the earliest Christians have no rivals; while for a graphic, enduring and faithful history of their unparalleled experiences, the Catacombs at Rome must stand, in the providence of God, as an unchallenged page whose interesting record will more and more attract the attention of the curious and confirm the faith of the devout.

Boston, Mass.

THANKS FOR "ALL THINGS."

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTS

"I'M not ready for the Thanksgiving proclamation," Mrs. Barton said, throwing herself wearily on the sofa. "I wish the President would wait until John gets a better situation, and we get out of debt, and I get something to wear. Yes, and until baby gets through crying day and night, and the children get over the whooping-cough, and I get a better girl, and Mother Barton gets through her visit."

"Oh! are you going to wait until all of your burdens are lifted?" cried Aunt Hannah. "Paul says to give thanks always for all things, and that certainly includes trials." "I am afraid I have enough to make a large Thanksgiving party if they were all invited," was the reply. "But you are a real blessing, and while baby is quiet in your arms I'll rest a moment."

The tired little woman's rest was soon broken by a murmur of voices, and before her stood a group of strange-looking personages. One had a fretful cry, but he stopped long enough to say:—

"I am the greatest burden that Mrs. Barton has just now. I did not expect to stay long, and I intended to give her a new gift of patience; but she is not thankful for me, so I must go, and I'll have to take that pretty baby with me, for I am a part of that blessing."

Before the horrified mother could speak, another form began talking, after a violent fit of coughing:—

"I too must go, because the mother is not thankful that the children are only trouble-makers, not really sick. I intended to leave her more love for her children, but now I will have to change with the diphtheria on the next street, and that means real trouble."

"I am the debt," said another. "She ought to be thankful that there is an opportunity of paying it even in time, but she is not; so this pretty home must go. She feels a limited income such a burden she must try poverty awhile."

"Yes," spoke up Molly, the kitchen girl, "I have to go because I am slow and inexperienced, and then Mrs. Barton will have to work every moment."

"I am John's situation, which is so distasteful to his wife. When I am gone it may be months before he can find employment," said one voice.

"I am John's mother, and I will have to go because his wife is not thankful for what I have done for her husband. I would not be so ignorant and peculiar, perhaps, if I had not sacrificed everything for him."

"I am delicate health. I meant to teach her patience, and faith in God, and sweetness; but she is not thankful for these heavenly blessings, and that she can do a great deal and enjoy much without perfect health, so I must go, and let Mrs. Barton change places with Mrs. Perkins who will never sit up again."

"Oh! I am thankful for my burdens. I did not dream they were blessings in disguise," cried Mrs. Barton, springing up. "Don't one of you go away!"

"What is it, dear?" asked Aunt Hannah's sweet voice. "You've waked the baby."

Mrs. Barton caught the little fellow and almost smothered him with kisses while she answered, "I'm going to begin a new kind of Thanksgiving;" and then she ran upstairs where three sick children were confined and told them stories and played with them until tea-time.

It was only a few days before Thanksgiving, but Aunt Hannah was to stay until Friday, so she helped prepare for Mrs. Barton's "party," as the children called it.

The first guest that arrived was Mrs. Miller, a widow, who had been one of Mrs. Barton's special trials. By some of her foolish gossip she had made Mrs. Barton a world of trouble. It required grace to invite her to a Thanksgiving feast, but her pleasure over the good dinner and her agreeable manner gave Mrs. Barton a kindly feeling for her old enemy.

The next visitor was Mr. Barton's employer, Mr. Close. He was a crusty old bachelor, who kept a valuable man at half his value because he saw that his financial embarrassments would prevent him from risking a hunt for a new situation. Mr. Close held the mortgage on the pretty home and kept a foreclosed sword over the family. Mrs. Barton disliked him so heartily that she sighed as she heard his step, for she had hoped he would refuse the invitation. She soon, however, changed her opinion, for he at once devoted himself to the baby, who was perfectly happy in his arms, and gave the mother time for others.

A strange thing happened. This miserly old man had shut himself away from his fellow-men because of a great trouble. But years ago he had loved a baby brother, and in the touch of these baby fingers he felt those long turned to dust. When the baby fell asleep in his arms after the frolic, the man's heart melted within him; and when he laid the innocent sleeper in the cradle, tears fell on the little face as he resolved to be worthy the love of this child.

The principal visitor was Grandma Barton, who arrived by the early train, and was a surprise to her son. When the wife saw his happiness and the delight of the old lady she forgot possible future troubles.

Mollie was not forgotten. She was as slow and awkward as usual and would never have prepared dinner alone. But her mistress saw only the pleasant side of it—that she was better than no help—and Aunt Hannah was at the helm. Mrs. Barton also remembered how lonely she might be while others were rejoicing and her own family was over the sea, so she invited Mollie's cousin to eat dinner with her, and with Aunt Hannah's help gave them the afternoon.

Upstairs the children had such a fine time that they began to think sickness quite a luxury. Mr. Close surprised every one by slipping off and returning with a large sleigh, for the first snow of the season had made this pleasure possible. The day was so mild that even the little invalids were bundled up and allowed to enjoy the ride. Mrs. Perkins and several poor families were remembered at dinner time, and Mrs. Barton felt at night the joy that comes from making as many happy as possible. Aunt Hannah put the children to bed and took grandma off for a talk, so the tired little wife had an opportunity for a quiet hour with her husband, and the brave, hopeful words she spoke helped him for many a day.

Before she went to bed she wrote on a card and put in her Bible:—

"Giving thanks always for all things.—Eph. 5: 20.

"I will be thankful for trials,—
1. Because they are no worse.
2. Because they can teach me to be sweet-spirited, patient and hopeful.
3. Because my Heavenly Father allows them to come, and bears all my burdens for me."

She read this card often the first few weeks until the joy of the Lord became her daily and hourly portion.

This happened last Thanksgiving day, and Aunt Hannah recalled the party when she stopped for a day in the summer.

me so closely. Baby is through the colic and is a treasure; and, stranger of all, Mr. Close took a violent fancy to him that day, and has been a frequent visitor ever since. He soon saw how poor we were and has nearly doubled John's salary, besides making the terms on the house much easier. The children love him and he is a changed man, John thinks. Then Mother Barton proved so helpful with the children that I begged her to stay all winter. We got to understanding each other better, and I shall never complain of her peculiar ways again now that I know how really good she is. I truly want her to live with us as soon as J. H. can add a bed-room for her."

"It is true, as Thomas à Kempis wrote," answered Aunt Hannah softly,—

"Thy cross, if rightly borne, will be,
No burden, but support, to thee."

CITY EVANGELIZATION UNION CONVENTION.

REV. D. H. ELA, D. D.

THE City Evangelization Union was organized a year ago at Pittsburgh, Pa., and is composed of delegates from several city missionary organizations and workers in city evangelization and church extension. The second annual convention at Madison Avenue Church, New York, Nov. 15-17, brought together delegates from more than twenty of the principal Northern cities.

Wednesday morning was given to a meeting of the Board of Managers. A meeting not on the program, of superintendents of missions from about twenty cities for a comparison of work, methods and results, was to the workers not the least profitable of the gatherings. Later the superintendents were invited to meet with the managers to discuss practical questions of organization and extension.

The first public session was called to order by the president, Rev. D. H. Elia, D. D., of Baltimore, at 3.30 p. m. After devotional services led by Rev. J. W. Miles, of Pittsburgh, a roll-call was responded to by delegates from New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Omaha, Boston, Providence, Cleveland, Rochester, Columbus, Dayton, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Syracuse, Newark, Tonawanda, N. Y., and others. The president, Dr. Elia, in a short and appropriate introductory address, struck the keynote of the convention when he said a single drop of grace made a witnessing soul, two drops made a missionary worker. Every member of the church is a witness, every church an army for Christ. Jesus committed to His disciples the work of evangelization. The cities are points of great peril. To meet the danger required organization, already begun in so many cities. The combination of these organizations in the Union at Pittsburgh had received the recognition and sanction of the General Conference at Omaha. Responsibility comes with power. There is hope that, with the blessing of God, this Union may help to carry forward an important department of church work.

Rev. Geo. F. Maine, D. D., the corresponding secretary, noting the fact that the beginning of the organization afforded small material for a formal report, presented a very thoughtful address full of facts and suggestions along the line of city evangelization. He said changed conditions of population require changed methods of evangelization. One half of our Northern population is in large cities, seven-eighths are in towns and cities of one thousand inhabitants. Methodism has the largest growth of any church in the country, but it has not kept pace with the growth of cities and especially not in the cities. Methodism early manifested a genius for adaptation. Its future success will depend upon its power of adaptation to changed conditions. The city gathers to itself the forces of wealth, organizations, learning, art, science, industry and religion. Here, too, gather the forces of evil—rum, mammon, lust. The city is intense, absorbed. Wage-earners are being alienated from the church. Out of these conditions grows the immense importance of the work and organizations of city evangelization. Methodism has been

Not a City Success.

It ought to be most successful in the city. The short pastoral terms of the itinerancy may have been a source of weakness, but worse than this was the failure to maintain the connectional bond. City churches have become congregationalized. There is need to cherish the local church and the connectional tie. We are more than a confederacy of churches, we are a church. In this direction the city organization is the hope of Methodism. So brief a sketch cannot do justice to this able paper, which will doubtless be published complete.

The evening opened with a service of prayer and song, conducted by Rev. J. H. Williams, of Buffalo. Prayer was offered by Dr. Williams, Bishop Andrews, J. W. Beach, of Jersey City, and others.

Following this service Rev. Dr. Banks, of Boston, was introduced, and gave a very interesting address on "Special Methods of Rescue Work," dwelling particularly on means for filling city churches. He said the city problem is really the question of adapting religious labor to the present conditions. The cities are important not only from the greatness of their population and their rapid growth and the difficulties of self-government, but because the city aspires to govern the state and the nation, as illustrated in the late election. It is not enough and not possible to restrain evil and shut it up in the city. City thought and practices permeate the country. The church, therefore, must conquer the city or be overwhelmed by its evils. It is a perilous fact that there are large numbers in the city into whose lives the church does not enter as an influencing force—thousands have simply no relation to it. This class includes all grades of society, and the church must seek the rich as well as the poor. How can this be done? 1. The churches must be free. The pew system must be done away. 2. There must be real sympathy with the people. Love is the power for which there is no substitute. 3. We must seek the people—go out personally and invite them. The rich and the well-to-do should not be neglected any more than the poor and the widows. We must make the people believe that we seek men and women, not wealth or social influence, cultivating a spirit of genuine Christian brotherhood. Dr. Banks gave many instances illustrating his own methods of advertising his church services and reaching individuals. After a brief reference to the plans and work of the University Settlement in connection with the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society, he closed with the expression of a conviction that the spirit of Christ is increasingly pervading the work of the church. The speech commanded closest attention and was generally applauded.

Rev. A. J. Jenkins, of Chicago, spoke on "The

(Continued on Page 4.)

Miscellaneous.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Of yore,
In the youth of the nation,
When the harvest yielded its store,
There was feast and gladness,
Of the land the great feast of the land,
From the lips of the living,
There rang through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

Our home was a wilderness then
With the floods to enfold it;
Today with its millions of men,
We rejoice to behold it;
From the sea to the surge of the sea,
We have the great feast of the land,
From the lips of the living,
There rang through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the fruit of the time of our toil;
For what we have fought for;
For the birth of the nation of the soil,
For the need we have sought for;
For the life we have lived from His hand,
Who is Lord of all living,
Let there ring through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—CLINTON SCULLARD, in Ladies' Home Journal.

GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE.

REV. JAMES YEAMES.

(Continued.)

Saturday, Nov. 12.

Korea was the first place in consideration on Saturday morning. The way is open in Korea and all obstacles to our mission are removed. We want to send out a missionary (who shall be a physician) to a strategic point about one hundred miles north of the capital, where our missionaries have already preached and won a few adherents. For this work \$10,000 was appropriated, the amount last year being \$15,000.

Dr. Earl Cranston arrived and took his place as assistant treasurer.

For Japan, the recommendation was that \$60,000 be appropriated for the work and \$2,400 for re-inforcement of the mission by sending out two families, as against \$61,000 last year.

Bishop Newman said the great needs of Japan were leadership and more native preachers. Literature to counteract the teachings of such writers as Huxley and Spencer is greatly needed. The Japanese are a reading people, and because of their sudden and rapid emergence from an ill and feudal civilization are disposed to a vain intellectual pride. A Christian ministry to the intellect is needed.

Bishop Goodell said: "I was in Japan a year or a little more ago. The country I visited lay upon my heart night and day beyond all power of expression. It is true you can arouse the Japanese by an appeal to the intellect, but they become insatiable and their hearts are reached and they are brought to Christ. Without this you will have a people interested with themselves on intellectual questions, or else a hasty Christianity. An attempt is now being made to introduce a Christian sentiment of a dark background of materialism. Anticipate a reaction. The Japanese people have never been brought to feel the glory and dignity of Christian manhood. We have heroic men in this field. I have seen their eyes flash as they have heard the call which awakens Christian charity. They need leaders. Weighy, intelligent, educated, devoted American ministers are needed. A strategy favor re-entraining Japan as soon as possible."

Dr. Leonard said that twelve native preachers were admitted on trial at the recent Conference. Liberal Christianity, so called, is not as popular as it was.

Dr. Buckley said he believed no man should be sent abroad until he has been proved in the work in this country. The argument that he must be young in order to learn the language readily, has no weight. A man of mature age can learn a new language with ease and before his mental faculties fail if he has a high impulse.

Bishop Fowler said that the true remedy for the situation is a bishop for China and Japan, to live in those lands and direct the work there. If a man does not acquire the language in three or four years he ought to be recalled, for his opportunity is gone. It is something like skating or swimming—largely a matter of faith. The strategy of a new language must learn to trust himself.

An amendment appropriating \$3,000 to send out three missionaries and \$1,000, 000 for the work was adopted. This is an increase of \$5,000 for the work over the appropriation of last year.

Bishop Vincent moved an additional appropriation of \$1,000 for Lower California, where we have a fine opening.

After some delay the appropriation was made \$1,000 at the disposal of the resident bishop.

The special committee on Africa then presented their report. They recommended that (1) \$3,000 be appropriated to reimburse Bishop Taylor for expenditures on Cape Palmas Seminary, the title to remain with the Missionary Society; (2) an appropriation of \$600 for maintenance and \$200 for supplies at Cape Palmas Seminary; (3) \$800 for Monrovia, at the disposal of the Board; (4) at White Plains, where the school has recently been rebuilt by the Committee, \$350 for desks and furniture, \$330 for books, \$1,240 for travel, outfit and maintenance; (5) at the Vey mission, at present, in the disturbed state of the country, a caretaker for the twenty-five acres (out of one hundred) now planted, and \$200 per annum for Gola and These missions. Total, \$7,320 to reimburse Bishop Taylor and maintain schools, and \$3,430 for other schools and missions.

The report was divided and considerable time spent in a careful discussion.

Hon. Alden Spears moved to adopt the report except the part referring to Cape Palmas Seminary.

Dr. Buckley, characterizing the report as "unusually luminous," urged its adoption.

Bishop Goodell argued that if the Cape Palmas Seminary be excepted, we should have three schools under our care and one under the Bishop's care. "Notwithstanding the amendment of Brother Spears, whose business wisdom and sagacity all men appreciate, I believe we should take all the educational work of Liberia under our own care."

The report was adopted *unanimously*, including a resolution that a committee of visitation to our work in Liberia and the 26 missions under Bishop Taylor should be appointed, and a resolution declaring that a grant for the support of four boys from Liberia now being educated at a school in Texas.

The length of this debate had necessitated an extension of time, so that the Committee did not adjourn till 1 o'clock.

A remarkable and impressive appeal by Bishop Goodell in behalf of China was made

at the afternoon session. He said that the medical missionaries were regarded with the greatest respect and affection by the Chinese. There are now 6,000 well-trained converts in the Poochow Mission, and the time must soon come when Poochow will have a native Confucian. Cholera is raging in some parts of the country, and the missionaries are acting as nurses to the cholera patients. A hospital is very much needed.

A committee, with Bishop Fowler as chairman, was appointed to consider the question of appropriations for property in China.

Another committee, with Bishop Foss as its chairman, had referred to it the report of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Sunday, Nov. 13.

Sunday was a day of phenomenal beauty for mid-November. Not a cloud flecked the blue, nor was there any breath of frost in the fresh, sweet air. The "way to Zion" were thronged by crowds of eager church-goers. Many city pulpits were filled by eloquent and distinguished representatives of the Methodist Church.

Bishop Thoburn set forth the claims of India before a large congregation at the First Church, where also in the evening Bishop Goodell narrated the story of his recent visit to China and Japan. As the Sunday-school was visited and addressed by Bishops Vincent and Warren, the First Church received a quadruple episcopal visitation on Sunday.

An enormous crowd gathered at Grace Church to hear Bishop Foster, who preached in his best style on the "Great Mystery of Godliness." Bishops Foss, Merrill, Vincent, Walden, Hurst, Fowler, Warren and Taylor also preached in other parts of the city, no less than thirty-three churches being supplied by visiting preachers. Bishop Taylor, "after his manner," added to his labors a visit to the Penitentiary and preached to the prisoners.

Monday, Nov. 14.

Bishop Walden presided at the morning session on Monday.

To "self-supporting" missions in South America \$25,000 were appropriated. The offer was made to surrender the property of these missions to the Board. Appreciating this offer, the Committee recommended the Board of Managers to investigate the condition of these missions in South America and report one year hence, and that Bishop Newman on approaching visit examine and report to the Board.

Bishop Thoburn wished to make an exact statement of the amounts received by him and transmitted to India through the secretaries. The total is \$20,278.

Bishop Merrill presented the report of the committee on new work. The recommendations were: 1. \$1,000 for Dakota in Pennsylvania. 2. \$800 for Bohemians at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (Requests for aid to Bohemian work in Nebraska, and to Portuguese in California were not endorsed.) 3. \$600 for work among Japanese in Oregon and Washington. 4. \$500 for Spanish work in Brooklyn and New York. 5. \$1,000 for work among Italian in Boston. (The application for aid to Norwegian work was not recommended.)

\$600 for work among N. Russians in N.E. Southern Conference. 7. \$700 for new work in Toledo. 8. \$800 for work among the Hebrews in N. W. York city. The total recommended for new work was \$5,500.

The report was accepted, and its items considered under the several conferences.

In Northern New York Conference \$300 was appropriated to Welsh work in Ulster, where we have property worth \$16,000 with an indebtedness of \$6,500. For the Welsh work in the region of the state's quarries of Banor, \$250 was granted to the Pennsylvania Conference. Two sections of Chicago are settled by Welsh families, and for the benefit of these \$600 was appropriated. To Welsh work in Wisconsin \$200 was applied, and \$400 to the work in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where the Welsh people have a neat church worth \$6,000.

Work among Scandinavians was not considered, and \$200 was granted to the Swedish work in Texas.

Dr. Buckley made a strong appeal for the "stranger and foreigner" who, in this country, to him a strange land, is exposed to unusual temptations. Homelessness, now classed among recognized diseases as *nostalgia*, is well known to be a large source of the insanity and suicide occurring among our foreign population.

The sum of \$1,500 was assigned to 8 Welsh work in California, or rather in a preaching elder's district embracing California, Arizona and Nevada; and \$500 to similar work at Denver. No appropriation was made for what Bishop Newman styled certain small polytheistic mission in New Orleans.

Maine asked for and received \$500 for new work among Scandinavians in the neighborhood of Kennebunk, and N. W. York received \$1,000—the same amount as last year—for Swedish work. The Norwegian work in the New York East Conference takes its various places on New York harbor, and the Danish work at Fort Amby. To these \$2,200 was appropriated. For the Swedish work an increase of \$400 was voted, making the total \$3,600.

The call for aid to Swedish work in the N. W. East Conference brought forth very interesting remarks from Bishop Foster, Dr. Upham, and others. The zeal and diligent devotion of Rev. S. L. Carlander, whose work among his countrymen has been so greatly blessed, were appreciatively acknowledged. "When he comes to tell me of the work," said Bishop Foster, "he cannot help shouting, and he gets me to shouting too."

Bishop Hurst said it was worth \$1,000 to get Bishop Foster shouting. "When he shouts a mountain shakes." The Swedes give generously, and are a fervently pious people. The work among them in the East is growing with marvelous rapidity. In Lynn a church building worth \$6,000 is offered to us, with a debt of only \$600.

An appropriation of \$5,500 was made, including \$1,000 for new work.

Baldwin has the shadow of death fallen more solemnly or sadly than it fell across the General Missionary Committee on Monday morning. Toward the close of the session Bishop Foster announced the death of Mrs. Gorman H. Hunt. Mrs. Hunt, though a partial invalid, was in her usual health the evening before, but was found dead in bed this morning, life having been evidently extinct some two hours. Mr. Hunt is a member of the local reception and finance committee, and Dr. Sanford Hunt is his guest, as he has frequently been in Baltimore. Resolutions of condolence were offered, and "Blest be the tie that binds" was sung with deep feeling.

During the morning Secretary Peck offered a motion, which was unanimously adopted, recommending that missionary services for children be held in all our churches on Easter day.

Dr. Goucher, on behalf of the Baltimore friends, invited the members of the Committee to visit Mount Olivet Cemetery, where rest the remains of Aubrey, Strawbridge, and others of the fathers of American Methodism, and said carriages would be at the service of those who might desire to go.

Tuesday, Nov. 15.

On Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock the Committee resumed its work, Bishop Fitzgerald presiding. Prayer was offered by Dr. I. B. Scott, of Texas.

The committee on Contingent and Incidental Funds submitted their report. They had found that some items had been charged to the Incidental which properly belonged to the Contingent Fund. The Contingent Fund

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Bishop Fowler presided at the afternoon session. The following appropriations of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for 1893 were approved: India, \$100,800; Malaysia, \$6,390; China, \$50,011; Korea, \$9,312; Japan, \$60,450; Bulgaria, \$5,020; Italy, \$6,791; Mexico, \$29,314; South America, \$22,478; Europe, \$600; contingent, \$9,811. Total, \$297,000.

For Swedish work in the Northwest \$15,000 were appropriated, the money to be distributed as between the eastern and the coast districts on the same basis as last year.

The Norwegian and Danish work was granted \$10,000, including \$2,000 for new work. Swedish work in Philadelphia received \$300.

For work in Puget Sound \$5,000 was set aside, \$200 at the disposal of the presiding bishop.

For the German work the following appropriations were made: For California, \$5,000. Here we have 20 missionaries and 850 members, who contribute \$885 to missions. The Central German Conference received \$5,500, an addition of \$500 for new work in Detroit. Chicago German Conference was awarded \$1,750, including \$500 additional for Milwaukee, where Rev. Dr. Barth, representing the district, said he had seen 350 German immigrants land from one train. The East German Conference received \$7,000—an addition of \$500 for new work. The Northern German, representing work in Montana and the territory adjacent, asked for \$1,000, but \$750 only was appropriated.

A committee to consider and report on the rules and usages of the Committee, consisting of Bishop Merrill, Dr. M. D. Crawford and Dr. Buckley, was appointed.

In the North Pacific German Conference is a German population of over 100,000. An increase of \$2,000 was asked. Entire counties are filled with German residents. Ultimately \$6,000 was granted. Northwest German received \$4,000, the same as last year. St. Louis German Conference asked for an increase of \$250 and their appropriation was made \$4,250. The Southern German Conference, including the vast State of Texas, received \$5,500. West German Conference, which has Oklahoma within its borders, received \$7,000—\$1,000 for work in the new territory.

The next place of meeting was considered; invitations were received from Detroit and Minneapolis. Dr. Buckley favored Minneapolis, as "an orthodox city in the very outskirts of St. Paul," and it was chosen.

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At 5 o'clock the members visited the Woman's College Gymnasium where, under the direction of Dr. Goucher and Dr. Mary V. Mitchell, the medical director, they were shown the marvelous and beautiful apparatus for physical training.

The gymnasium is equipped with a set of thirty levers of the assembly of grave inscriptions, and constructed by Dr. Gustav Zander, of Stockholm. Each machine is built with reference to single muscles or groups of muscles. A system of levers is so arranged that the resistance to be overcome is exactly measured and proportioned to the strength of the person or of the muscles needing attention.

Dr. Mary V. Mitchell has had large experience in hospital and private practice, and has given special attention to the study of mechanical therapeutics in Stockholm, Berlin, Paris, and England.

Under the direction of Instructor Miss S. Oberg, who is a graduate of the Royal Central Institute of Stockholm, the young ladies gave a remarkable and most pleasing exhibition in the large hall of the gymnasium; the grace, agility and strength of their movements being the assembly of grave inscriptions, and constructed by Dr. Gustav Zander, of Stockholm. Each machine is built with reference to single muscles or groups of muscles. A system of levers is so arranged that the resistance to be overcome is exactly measured and proportioned to the strength of the person or of the muscles needing attention.

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is a provision for demands unforeseen; the Incident Fund is a provision for amounts foreseen, but not definable in advance. Nearly \$20,000 has been paid during the last year for increased expenditure in transit, etc. The Society is doing a larger business year by year. The committee recommended: 1. That all probable expenses should be included in estimates. 2. That the tendency to frequent and prolonged furloughs should be held within strict limits. 3. That a daily classified list of expenditures be made and presented yearly by the treasurer. 4. That the Board do not exceed the amounts appropriated by the Committee.

The committee also recommended that the appropriations of the Woman's Home Missionary Society be approved.

The committee on New Work reported that after conference with the W. H. M. S. they could recommend an appropriation for work in Alaska (Aleutian Isles). The report was adopted.

It was ordered that in future the treasurer shall report in detail all outstanding indebtedness.

Chinese work in California was taken up. Reference was made to the admirable rescue work of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. They have about 30 girls under their care. Dr. Masters, the best preacher in the Cantonese dialect in America, is to be appointed to superintend the work on the Pacific coast. It is proposed to sell a school building in San Francisco not well placed, and to erect a church in the heart of Chinatown. The sum of \$9,000 was appropriated.

For work among the Chinese in New York City \$1,000 was assigned, \$600 immediately available, at the disposal of the resident bishop.

For Oregon \$1,000 was asked, and \$700 granted. Puget Sound reported no definitely organized work. Tacoma had shut the Chinese out, but has since admitted Chinese merchants. Five hundred dollars were asked, but the Committee made no appropriation.

For Southern California \$500 was granted. The report of Japanese work in California was very interesting. It is estimated that there are 6,000 Japanese on the Pacific Coast. We have 454 members and 359 probationers. There have been 500 conversions during the year, and these people have contributed \$350 for missions. The Committee appropriated \$5,400, and \$1,000 for new work to be administered by the California Conference in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

Can the consideration of Bohemian and Hungarian work. In the city of Baltimore there are 10,000 of these people. Here there is a Sunday school of 48, and an Industrial School of 70. Appropriated \$1,000.

At Cleveland, O., there are among the Bohemians 1,200 Sunday-school scholars, registering an average attendance of 750; 220 church members and 28 probationers. More than half of these were brought in last year. There are 4,000 Bohemians and 20,000 Jews in Cleveland. Our missionaries make 4,700 visits to 2,600 families, distributed 4,700 tracts and 981 papers. Our members among these people gave \$225 to missions, their total benevolence reaching \$735, besides an average of \$18 per member towards self-support. An appropriation of \$2,500 was made.

The committee on New Work did not recommend an appropriation for proposed mission in Nebraska. To the same amount, however, the Shenandoah Valley, the heart of the Schuylkill coal district, \$500 was devoted. For work in the coke region of West Pennsylvania, among Hungarians, \$1,250 was appropriated.

It was stated that there are 55,000 Bohemians in Chicago. We have 295 members and 533 Sunday scholars. Towards building a church, \$3,000 has been received. Granted \$3,500.

Among a population of 22,000 at Cedar Rapids, Upper Iowa Conference, are 7,000 Bohemians. Here \$1,200 will secure a church in the very heart of the foreign quarter. Appropriated \$800.

At the request of Bishop Walden, the order of the schools was interrupted to take up Rocky Mountain District. Idaho received \$5,000 and Montana \$5,500. North Montana, a territory of 60,000 square miles, with seventeen points occupied, asked \$1,000; \$3,750 was granted.

For English work in New Mexico \$7,000 was appropriated, of which \$500 is to be available immediately.

Colorado having 16 churches and 6 missions, received \$9,500—an advance of \$100 on last year.

For Columbia River Conference \$5,000 was granted. Oregon asked \$3,500. In the South Oregon District there has been an increase from \$20 churches. Appropriated \$5,000.

For work in the Puget Sound Conference \$6,000 was granted. One church, helped by the Society eight years ago, lately gave a missionary collection of \$1,000.

California received \$8,000, Southern California \$6,500 and Arizona \$7,500.

Nevada asked for \$1,700 for the same work as \$800 for school and church. For U. S. \$300 was appropriated for general mission work, and \$600 for schools.

Wyoming received \$1,500.

The Committee next entered upon the field of Italian missions. In Louisiana (New Orleans) we have 18 members and 50 Sunday scholars, with a church worth \$3,500, and \$1,300 was appropriated.

For Italian work in New York \$1,000 was assigned.

Next came the request for aid to New England. In Boston, at the North End of the city, are 12,000 Italians. Father Taylor's old church and the renowned Benet St. Methodist Church are both Roman Catholic churches for Italians. Hon. Alden Spears said it was not a question of Boston only. The surrounding cities where large municipal works were headquarters were Boston. Appropriated \$1,000.

In the city of Philadelphia are 30,000 Italians. We have 14 members, 19 probationers, and 72 Sunday scholars.

At this stage Bishop Walden and Dr. Earl Cranston were granted leave of absence in order to attend the funeral of Mr. Amos Shinkle.

The Rock River Conference received an increase of \$150—a grant in all of \$1,100. There are 2,000 Italians in Chicago.

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N. Y.

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The Family.

THE VACANT CHAIR AT THANKSGIVING.

MIRA E. B. THORNE.

Thanksgiving day, and thou away!
Each year had brought its radiant spring
With fair young buds and tenderest blooms;
Its summer glow of blossoms;
And wealth of rare and sweet perfumes;
Its harvest rich, the bounteous yield
Of orchard and of fruitful field;
And then when came this day of days,
We gathered round the festal board,
Our hearts abrim with love and praise,
For all His blessings, to our Lord;
That pure and perfect bliss was ours,
That not a sorrow dimmed the hours.

Thanksgiving day, and thou away!
The chair is vacant by the fire
Where thou wast wont to sit when we
United in a tuneful choir,
Our voices raised in harmony.
The most melodious one is still,
No more our hearts to its tones may thrill.
Oh, how can we in festal cheer
Rejoice and tune the mirthful song,
Heart of my heart, and thou not here
To mingle in our loving throng?
To feast with us a mockery
While we so yearn thy face to see.

Thanksgiving day, and thou away!
I mind me how in years gone by
Across the wide, foam-crested sea
Some pressing duty called for thee,
And though we wept to say "good-bye,"
And lonely were the hours, yet we
Looked to the future hopefully;
And even our Thanksgiving cheer
Thine absence did not wholly mar;
Our hearts' love sped to thee afar,
And soon we hoped to greet thee near.

Thanksgiving day, and thou away!
Ne'er to return, thou'rt now away,
How can it be Thanksgiving day?

Thanksgiving day, and thou away!
Yet stay! Methinks, love, now I see
When the Atlantic's heaving tide
Its billows tossed 'twixt thee and me,
What dangers might thy path betide
I knew not; yet faith gave me peace,
And all my anxious care surcease.
But now I know no grief can come,
Or danger, to that blissful home
Where thou at heaven's Thanksgiving feast
Dost find thyself a welcome guest.
Till I shall share that joy and rest
Where thou art blest, though away,
In faith I'll keep Thanksgiving day.

THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING.

Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy
vows unto the Most High. — Psalm 100: 14.
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
and into His courts with praise; be thankful
unto Him, and bless His name. — Psalm 100: 4.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is
good; for His mercy endureth forever! —
Psalm 136: 1.

Thanksgiving means thanks-living. — John
Newton.

November is Thanksgiving month. The
homely Puritan anniversary blends itself with
the ancient festival of All-Saints and All-Souls.
"Homeward we haste to Heaven's Thanksgiving,
The harvest gathering of the heart."

The course of life is a thousand trifles,
then some crisis, and again a thousand trifles
and a crisis; nothing but green leaves under
common sun and shadow; and then a storm
or a rare June day. And far more than the
storm or the perfect day the common sun
and common shadow do to make the autumn rich.
It is the "every day" that counts. They
must be made to tell, or the years have failed.
— Rev. W. C. Gannett.

If Spring dawns with a song of mirth,
If Summer warms the fruitful earth,
If Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain,
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.
Lord of the harvest, all is Thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seeds once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!
— John Hampden Gurney.

The angel of requiescence, so the legend runs
— goes back from earth heavily laden every
time he comes to gather up the prayers of
men. But the angel of thanksgiving, of
gratitude, has almost empty hands as he re-
turns from his errands to this world. Yet
ought we not to give thanks for all that we
receive and for every answered request? If
we were to do this, our hearts would always
be lifted up toward God in praise. There is
a story of some great conductor of a musical
festival suddenly throwing up his baton, and
stopping the performance, crying, "Flag-
olet!" The flagolet was not doing its part,
and the conductor's trained ear missed its one
note in the large orchestra. Does not God
miss any voice that is silent in the music of
earth that rises up to Him? And are there
not many voices silent, taking no part in the
song, giving forth no praise? Shall we not
quickly start our heart-song of gratitude,
calling upon every power of our being to
praise God? — J. R. Miller, D. D.

He said, "I have no thanksgiving to yield;
My days are dark, my labors long."
"Hast thou not seen, this year, full many a field
And forest glow with verdure, ring with song?"
"But winter now is near; the skies are gray."
"Yet hast thou not seen the earth's fruits bestowed?"
"Ah! autumn tells how swift we pass away."
"The shorter then henceforth the toilsome road."
"I have had strokes from death's bereaving
hand."
"Yet some remain with smiles of love."
"Gap after gap is rent in friendship's band."
"Larger the host to welcome thee above."
"I am forgotten and neglected here."
"So safer from the clasp of love."
"My name unuttered by Fame's clarion clear."
"See it written in the Book of Life."
— Churchmen.

The farmer and the merchant have reason
to give thanks for abundant harvests and for
business prosperity; but the disciple of
Jesus who is in lack of bread can give thanks
that he, like his Master, has food to eat that
the world knows not of, while it is his meat
to do the will of his Father in heaven. The
husband and father who gathers an unbroken
family circle around the home table, at the
Thanksgiving dinner, has cause for gratitude
in the presence of all those dear ones there;
but he who sees before him at that time the
empty chair of a dearly loved one, can thank
God with a full heart for the precious mem-
ories that cluster about that chair, and for the
precious assurance that all is well, in God's
providence, for those who are taken and those
who are left. He who is free from sickness and
pain and special sorrow, can see in his state pe-
culiar cause for thankfulness to God; but he
who has sickness and pain and special sorrow,
in God's ordering has as good reason for thank-
fulness as had Peter and the other apostles
when they were glad-hearted after their sore
beating by the command of the Jewish coun-
cil, rejoicing that they were counted worthy
to suffer dishonor for the name of their
Saviour.

How can we know whether it is better for
us to have wealth or to have poverty, to have
health or to have sickness, to be abased or to
be uplifted, to have an easy time or to have
a hard one, to be surrounded by dear ones or
to be in loneliness? And if we are ignorant
on these points, why should we hesitate to
thank God that in His wisdom and in His love
He has decided for us concerning them, be-
yond the possibility of a mistake on His
part? — Sunday School Times.

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His
name; make known His deeds among the
people. — Psalm 105: 1.

Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Zion;
and unto Thee shall the vows be performed.
Thou crownest the year with Thy
goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness.
The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys
also are covered over with corn; they shout
for joy, they also sing. — Psalm 65: 1, 11, 13.

The Lord hath chastened me sore, but He
hath not given me over unto death. Open to
me the gates of righteousness; I will go in to
them, and I will praise the Lord. — Psalm
118: 18, 19.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise
Him, all ye people. For His merciful kind-
ness is great toward us. Praise ye the Lord!
— Psalm 117.

THANKFUL FOR PAST THINGS.

JENNY BURR.

PERHAPS one of the hardest things for
human nature is to be truly thankful
for past things when we know they are forever
past — that they never can be repeated
here. That fact must have been the origin of
the old prayer-meeting phrase we are familiar
with — how often we have all heard it! —
"Past blessings do not suffice." For a reason
I did not use to stop to analyze, that
expression has always struck me unpleasantly.
It has a disagreeable, whining twang. It says
one thing and means another; as if one should
say, "O Lord, we profess to thank Thee for
what Thou hast given us, but we really do
not, because Thou dost not give us the same
or better things now." So it has come to
seem to me simply an expression of one kind
of unthankfulness.

I think the most of thankful prayers are for
present good — the things we are enjoy-
ing this morning or evening. Past blessings
not only do not suffice, but they have a way
of slipping out of mind. Not all of us pray
always. We thank Thee for the past, we
praise Thee for the present, we trust Thee
for the future.

But isn't this the real test of thankfulness?
If we are not grateful now for what we have
had, it is more than likely we never were. It
was animal or mental delight in pleasantness
— in abundance, in leisure, good health,
friends and what not. When the pleasant
things go, and give place to discomfort, how
hard it is to remember them thankfully still!
When health is lost, leaving pain or settled
invalidism instead, how wholly unlike human
nature to give praise for the past priceless
gift! Hard enough it seems to endure the
present ill. When the friend dies who made
the brightness and music of our life, what
power of gratitude is left us? "When some
beloved voice," as Mrs. Browning puts it,
"which was to you both sound and sweet-
ness, falleth suddenly, what hope, what
help?" She does not go so far as to ask, How
will you sing a song of thanksgiving for the
melody with which it filled your days?

But it is pleasant to think how full the
world is of really thankful people; of those,
too, who know "the sorrow's crown of
sorrow, remembering happier things," yet
still keep the heart warm with tender recog-
nition of them. They are everywhere. Their
names are not known, very likely. They live —
some of them — in little hamlets and on lone-
ly cross-roads, or in humble rooms where
want and pain keep their company. We all
know a few, and their cheerfulness is a rebuke
to our discontent.

I think of one such now, born in Old En-
gland, and bred in cultivated ease. Suddenly
fortune turned against her. Her husband lost
his property, and not long after died. The
wife was forced to support herself and her
child. Just as that child — an only one —
had grown to womanhood and begun a prom-
ising and beautiful career, she too was taken,
and the mother was left alone. She has nei-
ther home nor family friends to help. Yet
no smile is brighter than hers; no thankfulness
sincerer; and her toilsome days are
filled with kindness to others. She keeps her
past joys in grateful memory, and dwells
much on the belief that they are reserved for
her again by and by.

I think this faith lies at the root of all our
thankfulness for past good: *It is sure to come
again!* Withheld for a while, yet it is coming
again! Real thankfulness includes faith.
So faith makes the three periods of life a
unit. Today holds yesterday and tomorrow —
all that has been, and all that shall be. We
may well rejoice this Thanksgiving in past
gifts, for they are the promise of more to fol-
low.

ABOUT WOMEN.

A project is on foot to erect a memorial statue
to Mrs. Felicia Hemans in Liverpool, where she was
born in 1759.
— Rev. Jeanette Olmstead was ordained to the
Congregational ministry at Gustavus, O., last month.
She was already well known there as a preacher.
The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Anna
H. Shaw.
— The bust of Mrs. Lucy Stone, recently com-
pleted by Miss Anne Whitney, has been sent to Italy
to be done in marble. A niche is reserved for it in
the Woman's Department of the World's Fair.
— Several young lady teachers in Atlanta pro-
pose to unite in renting a small house, and have ap-

home to their own taste, free from the discomforts of
boarding-house life. The Atlanta Journal says:
"This is the beginning of a very sensible movement,
and the example will undoubtedly be followed."

The mother of the boy king of Spain has
learned a trade. Recently, while visiting the man-
ufacture of mosaics at Orto, the queen regent asked
one of the workmen to let her take his place, upon
doing which she very skillfully finished the mosaic
he had commenced.

During the prevalent rainy weather dozens of
the college girls have appeared on the streets at
Ann Arbor, Mich., in the Jennes-Miller "rainy-
day dress." The skirt is plain and tight-
fitting, but the striking feature is that it
reaches only about half way from the knee to the
ankle. To make up for this gap the college girls
wear long gaiters, and can now splash through the
mud as well as the boys.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the fair New England-
er who has won lasting fame by her marvelous pen
pictures of village life, is a frail bit of a girl scarce
five feet in height. She is modest and unassuming
to a degree, and her manuscripts, written in the un-
certain hand of a school-girl, are a surprise to the
editor who, handling them for the first time, expects
to find in her cursive something of the confident
touch of one conscious of her power. — Harper's
Bazar.

MR. POTTER'S THANK-OFFERING.

KATE S. GATES.

"WHAT am I going to give to the Lord
for a thank-offering on Thanks-
giving day?" said Mr. Potter, looking at
Mr. Elwell, the new pastor, in amazement.
"Not anything, as I know of. I rather calcu-
late I've earned about all I've got, and I
don't see any particular sense in making a
thank-offering for it."

"But," pleaded Mr. Elwell, "don't you
want to show your gratitude for the many
blessings you have that you could not possi-
bly get for yourself only as they are freely
given you by your Heavenly Father?"

"I might, perhaps," was the reply, "if I
had any; but I've worked hard all my days,
and I guess I have earned all I've got. I'll
leave the thank-offering for those who have
things put in their laps without lifting their
fingers."

"I wonder," thought Mr. Elwell, sadly,
as he walked home, "if I cannot in some
way help him to realize how much that makes
his life prosperous and happy is God's free
gift to him?"

"Thank-offering! Humph! I think I see
myself making one," was Mr. Potter's in-
ward reflection as he sat down by his own
fire in his big easy-chair, with the paper
before him. "There I was, a poor little beg-
gar boy almost, without a cent to my name,
and I've worked and scratched and saved
until I've gotten enough to be comfortable
with, and he wants me to make a thank-offering
for it! I'm free to confess I don't see
any particular necessity for any such proceed-
ing on my part, and I guess I will omit it
until I do."

And Mr. Potter unfolded his paper in a
very self-satisfied way. He was what he
called a "self-made man," and somehow he
had grown to feel almost that he owed nothing
to God or man.

Mr. Potter had but one child — a son, Harry
— and he was the very apple of his eye. In
fact, they were all in all to each other, for
the wife and mother had slept in the church-
yard for many years. Harry was a bright,
lovable boy, and his father's heart was bound
up in him. His every thought was for him.
He worked hard early and late, he saved and
economized, that he might have more for
him. He could hardly wait patiently for him
to get through his college course and be at
home with him.

But tonight, in the middle of the night, the
bell rang, and a telegram came — "Harry
only just alive." Only four words, but they
turned Mr. Potter's heart to stone. His
Harry, for whom he had hoped so much, only
just alive — perhaps — no, he could not say
that! Why, the thought that he could die
had never once entered his mind.

He made his preparations, and started at
once. He would get doctors, the very best
and all there were in the city. Some of them
would save — they must. He would pay
them anything willingly if only they would
save his boy's life. The fast express seemed
to crawl; he longed to get out and run, it
seemed to him he could get there so much
quicker.

He did reach there at last, however, and
then he thought the pain before was nothing
to what it was now, seeing that still, white
face on the pillow.

"Get doctors, all you can find! Tell them
I will pay them anything they ask if they
will only do something to help him!" he
implored.
But the college president shook his head
sadly. "Everything has been done that can
be done," he said. "He is beyond human
help. We will turn to the Great Physician
in his behalf, and it shall be well with the
child."

Then, even in that moment of supreme an-
guish, Mr. Potter remembered his pastor's
words. Ah! was not this dearly-loved son
a gift of God? He had said there was nothing
for which he needed a thank-offering; now
it seemed to him if he could only have him
well again it would be his constant thought
to discover new ways of showing his gratitude.
He dropped on his knees, sobbing like a
child.

"O God, forgive me! I do not deserve him;
I do not deserve anything; but if I can be
Thy will, spare my boy to me!"

It was many long hours before there was
any change, then there was a ray of hope,
and slowly but surely the tiny ray strength-
ened until the doctors said: "He has passed
the crisis and will live."

Then Mr. Potter went away by himself,
feeling as he had never felt before in his life
— utterly worthless and humbled.

"I do not deserve it. O Lord, I know it!
I could do nothing myself, but Thou hast
spared him to me, and I thank Thee, from
the depths of my heart I thank Thee!"

Thanksgiving day came, bright and clear.
Mr. Potter and Harry had reached home the
day before, and Mr. Potter appeared at his
pastor's door early that morning.
"I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted you
to know that my eyes have been opened. I've
seen everything to be thankful for, everything.
I see now — why, I couldn't have done a thing
only as God gave me everything to do with,
and blessed and prospered my efforts. I was
puffed up, filled with conceit and ingratitude,

but He has dealt tenderly with me, tenderly
and mercifully. I tried to think of some suit-
able thank-offering, but nothing seemed good
enough until Harry asked me if he might
give his restored life to God's service, and I
have given my consent to his going as a mis-
sionary. It is the happiest and thankfulest
Thanksgiving of my life, even if it does
sometimes seem as if my poor old heart would
break to part with my boy."

A THANKSGIVING FEAST.

We two are the last, my daughter!
To set the table for two,
Where once we had places for twenty,
Is a lonesome thing to do.
But my boys and girls are scattered
To the East and the West afar,
And he who was dearer than children
Has passed through the gates ajar.

I'm wanting my balcony for Thanksgiving.
I thought last night as I lay
Awake in my bed and watching
For the breaking of the day,
How my heart would say meantime
If a letter should come this morn
To say that they could not leave us here
To keep the feast forlorn.

Samuel, my son in Dakota,
Is a rich man, as I hear,
And he'll never let me approach us,
Save the wanting of him near;
While Jack is in San Francisco,
And Edward over the sea,
And only my little Jessie
Is biding at home with me.

And I feel like poor Naomi,
When back to her own she went,
And she said, "Is this Naomi?"
We knew what they meant,
I've stayed, and the lads have wandered,
And the time that was swift to go
When I was bright and busy
Is legend and dust and slow.

Oh! the happy time for a mother
Is when her babies are small,
And into the nursery beds at night
She gathers her darlings all;
When you are once an about her,
With gleeful noise and cry,
And she hushes the tumult with a smile,
Her brood beneath her eye.

But a mother must bear her burden
When her babes are bearded men,
On change and in the army and navy,
Or scratching away with a pen
In some banker's dusty office,
As Martin is, my son,
A mother must bear her burden,
And learn to do without.

I know the Scripture teaching,
To keep the heart and mind,
And the homelike and the desolate,
At the feast hour in mind.
Of the fat and the sweet a portion
I'll send to the poor man's door,
But I'm wearying for my children
To sit at my board once more.

I tell you, Jessie, my darling,
This living for money and gain,
It takes the heart from life, dear;
It robs a man of himself.
This old bleak hillside hamlet,
That sends the boys away,
Has a right to claim them back, dear,
On the fair Thanksgiving day.

— MARGARET E. SANBORN, in Harper's Bazar.

Little Folks.

ST. TURKEY'S DAY.

SARAH HERCE SCARBOROUGH.

THE gaunt, feathered biped that strutted
that fall about the Carters' yard was
far from appearing like a saint, but he gained
the title, nevertheless.

He was one of a brood of twelve — the only
one to survive a sickly season of turkey ill-
— and great expectations were centred upon
him. This last would not have been so
strange had there been much of him; but, on
the contrary, he was literally skin and bones.
But for all that he turned out a most benefi-
cent bird.

Tilly and Tom Carter had had a "time"
raising him, they said, and it had often been
a matter of sore discouragement both in
pocket and mind. Tom had more than once
wrestled with the problem: With turkey eggs
at fifty cents a setting, how soon would one
get rich if only one egg out of two settings
hatched, and that one turned out to be a gob-
bler?

This last was the greatest blow of all.
"A hen might lay, but a gobble ain't good
for anything except to gobble," said Tilly,
disconsolately.

"And to eat," ambiguously added Tom,
ruefully watching the diminishing corn which
the bird was unconcernedly stuffing.

"I almost wish he would get the gapes and
die too," Tilly had said often in his early
days; but with that peculiar perversity which
attends some affairs in this world — especially
poultry affairs — he thrived in spite of lack
of care. Perhaps he thrived better because of it.

"We can have him for Thanksgiving, any-
way," said Tilly, determined to make the best
of it.

They did, but not in the way they expected.
Mrs. Carter had also counted on the future
of that turkey, perhaps more so than had the
children. She knew that, if the worst came,
it was better to have a fifteen-pound gobble
to sell than to have it to eat; and there was
every prospect of the worst coming.

But, seemingly, neither Tilly, Tom nor the
turkey were in any way moved by it, except,
possibly, to greater hunger. The larder for
both house and coop was becoming woefully
deficient. Then there came a day when every-
thing gave out together, as such things will.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and a
very unpromising time for a call from the
house agent, especially as Mrs. Carter felt
that she could no longer promise anything
with any certainty, and the rent least of all.
The turkey, too, had been missing for a day
or two, which made it all the more gloomy.

Squire Exton, the house owner, had allowed
his agent to let one month pass, which made
it all the more imperative that she should
meet the present demand; and she well knew
that the Extons were very severe with their
tenants. The agent would wait a day, and
with the turkey as their only hope, Tilly and
Tom set out to find it. An unsuccessful
search that day was the result. The morning
of Thanksgiving they set off again.

"He must have had wind of its being so
near Thanksgiving or rent time," said Tom.
"I can't see, though, where he has gone."

"Over in Exton Park, likely," said Tilly,
reluctantly. "I think I heard him gobbling
over that way a few days ago, before he left."
"Well, he won't gobble much longer after
we get him — if we do," said Tom, as they

beat along the underbrush in their way
through the corner of the park.

"I can't see the use of killing him, anyway.
He won't be a drop in the bucket to pay what
we owe. There isn't anything of him but
skin and bones since the corn has given out,
and if there is nothing to sell there will be
still less to eat, and we did think we would
have him for Thanksgiving," said Tilly, for-
lornly.

"There will be precious little Thanksgiving
about it if we have to kill him and then get
nothing for him into the bargain."
"We'll have to hunt him, anyway. Let's
go 'round by the cliff walk," said Tilly, as the
path turned.

"It is so near the house," demurred Tom.
"You know Squire Exton doesn't like to be
bothered by anybody or anything too near
him."

"I heard gobbling, I thought, a minute
ago, and it sounded this way." So the two
turned their footsteps in the direction of the
cliff.

Tilly was right as to what she thought she
had heard, for as they crossed the stile lead-
ing to the cliff path there was an unmis-
takeable sound of indignation which could proceed
only from a turkey. It grew louder and
louder as they hurried on and with it there
were mingled the screams of a child.

"You don't suppose he has got into any
fuss with any one?" said Tilly, breathlessly,
pushing her way through an intervening
hedge for a shorter route.

"That sounds like little Artie Exton," was
all Tom ventured, for he suspected some se-
rious trouble if it were a child.

Some one else had heard the noise. There
dashed down the broad road from the house
above both Fred and Gay Exton, and the
four met at the point of the turn to the cliff.

There was the gobble strutting back and
forth along the edge of the cliff, stopping
now and then to make a vicious dive at the
child, who was lying flat in the path and
screaming at the top of his voice, and then
resuming his self-important march.

"The horrid bird! He has pecked Artie,"
Gay exclaimed, dashing forward in time to
catch the child who had regained his feet and
was rushing for the edge, again to be driven
back before he reached it.

"Here, sling a stone at him!" cried Fred.
He picked up one and poised it.

"Don't! He is our turkey."
Tilly and Tom both sprang forward.

"Well, he doesn't belong here hurting
children. Take him home."

The stone flew to its mark as he spoke.
"Don't! Oh, what made you?"

The stone struck the pompous turkey
squarely on the side of its head, and it
dropped like a plummet — a collapsed heap
of feathers.

"Served him right!" said Gay, who was
holding to the struggling Artie; and Tilly
and Tom made a dash for their property, not
knowing what might befall it now.

"Why! What! What! I'd like to know!
What does all this noise mean?"

Squire Exton, red and appalled, stood
before them, flourishing his cane. "Artie
hurt?"

"That turkey!" — said Gay, beginning an ex-
planation which was cut short.

"That your bird making all this racket,
and hurting my grandson? You young in-
truders, what are you doing here anyway?
Get out of here with it, quick!"

Invisible Squire Exton lifted his cane
threateningly, and Tilly and Tom only
stopped long enough to lift up the bird be-
tween them and then scudded off through
the thicket before he could find breath to
speak again.

"Horrid old thing!" exclaimed Tom.
They had reached the road before a word was
said. "He never asked a question. I could
have told him that, if it hadn't been for the
gobble, that boy would have been over the
cliff long ago. He might have seen it."

"He was too mad to see, and he just did
ask questions, only he answered them all
himself," said Tilly.

They went on in silence until they reached
their gate.

"We ain't going to eat him, either," said
Tom to their mother, who stood in despair at
the spectacle, after hearing of the affair.

"He wouldn't bring much, true," said she,
"and I wouldn't think of selling him now,
killed in that way. Somebody might com-
plain of us; but what shall we do with him?"

"Bury him," promptly answered Tilly.
"He was a regular martyr, and it would be
just like being a cannibal to eat him."

As long as that was their feeling Mrs. Car-
ter gave her permission with a sigh, and the
bird on which so many hopes had depended
was consigned to a corner of the garden in a
somewhat doubled-up condition within a
cracker box.

"Only remember there isn't a thing for
Thanksgiving," their mother said, as they
finished their task.

"And the rent due," remarked Tilly. "I
suppose this'll make the Squire set on that.
Don't you suppose we could make him pay
for the turkey?"

"I wouldn't try," curtly replied Tom.
"It'd cost more'n it'd come to. He's rich
and we're poor. There ain't no show for
us."

It did seem so. At least there was no show
for much dinner as they came in to find a
few potatoes simmering over a scant fire.
The only thing in their favor was the fact that
it was a remarkably mild day for even that lat-
tude. Mrs. Carter stepped out into the yard
to hide her own disappointment and avoid
seeing them.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, November 15.

—Death of John Hoy, ex-president of Adm. Express Company.
—Over 12,000,000 spindles idle in the cotton district in England.
—Death of the widow of Ralph Waldo Emerson.
—Terrible loss of life and devastation by the overflow of the Yellow River in China.
—The trial of Prof. H. P. Smith, of Lane Theological Seminary, for heresy begun.
—Death of Bishop Miles, of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church.
—D. P. Thompson, of Portland, Ore., appointed minister to Turkey.
—The Japanese census gives a population of 41,000,000 to the empire.
—The treasurer of the Lombard Investment Company, of Kansas City, absconds with \$100,000.
—Masons and bricklayers in this city secure without strike the eight-hour day.

Wednesday, November 16.

—A thousand people carried off by yellow fever in Cordoba, Mex.
—A consolidation of safe-manufacturing companies in New York, with a capital of \$5,000,000.
—Small pox raging both in Brooklyn and New Haven.
—Nell, the poisoner of many women, hanged in London.
—A gift of \$175,000 to Union Theological Seminary.
—The birthplace of the poet William L. Garrison, by a wealthy resident of Haverhill, and presented to that city.

—The Senate of Vermont throws out the Woman Suffrage bill.
—The United States of Colombia extends the time of the Panama Canal Commission one year.

—The Boston Typo Foundry joins the New York Safe Trust.

Thursday, November 17.

—The small-pox epidemic reported as gaining in New Haven.
—Two Italian children on Thacher coast, this city, murdered by their father, Joseph Patone.
—American Academy of Dental Science celebrates its 25th anniversary.
—The cholera epidemic at Hamburg is declared ended.
—Canada will not be represented at the monetary conference at Brussels.
—Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ward, the oldest couple in Vermont, aged respectively 97 and 95, celebrated their diamond wedding (75 years) at New Haven, Vt., yesterday.

Friday, November 18.

—Thirty-five buildings in Red Bud, Ill., leveled by a cyclone; one person killed, and several injured.
—Lee, Higginson & Co., of this city, lose over \$25,000 through the theft of securities by a messenger boy named William Scanlon.
—Dedication of the Temple Baptist Church at Rochester.
—Death of Della Loughlin, the "Bluebird" whose life story was told at the Christian Workers' convention last.

—Several passengers terribly injured in a collision between electric cars near Haverhill.

—Joseph Patone, the Italian of this city who killed his two children and tried to commit suicide, dies at the hospital.

—Bank presidents of New York give an informal reception in the Clearing House to William L. Garrison, who was presiding governor of the Bank of England during the Baring panic of 1890.

Saturday, November 19.

—Loss of the French steamer "Stefanie" by collision; eight persons drowned.
—Gold discovered in Nevada in the Carson mines.
—Famine again threatens the Russian peasantry.
—About 150 of the Home-land strikers return to work.
—The Farmers' Alliance split in two.
—Miss Ella I. Knowles, of Helena, Mont., elected attorney general of that State.
—The Gray Exclusion bill sharply condemned in a meeting held in Tremont Temple.
—Mr. Blake has another ill turn.

Sunday, November 20.

—The Home-land strike declared off; an estimated loss of \$2,000,000 to company and men.

—The prosecution of M. de Lesseps likely to involve many members of the French legislature.
—The Industrial Legion of the United States formed at Memphis, Tenn.
—Rutland, Vt., became a city on Saturday, when the charter was signed.
—Sudden death of Benjamin Mallory of the Mallory Steamship Line at New Haven.
—Prospect of consolidating the principal libraries of New York city.
—A cyclone in Boone County, Ark., destroys property, kills six persons and injures thirteen others.
—The Democrats will have 90 majority in the next National House.
—Death of Mrs. August Belmont, widow of the banker and daughter of Commodore M. C. Perry, U. S. N.
—The outlook for the peasants of Russia pronounced by foliot to be as black as possible; famine again threatening the country.

THE CONFERENCES.

[Continued from Page 5.]
gratified at the prospect of meeting Bishop Goodell at our next Conference.

C. A. L.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

St. Albans District.
If you have not already done so, brother preachers, send to Zion's Herald for a supply of subscription cards, and then use them. Our people will need the Herald just the same as though there hadn't been a Democratic landslide.

This scribe had a unique experience for him in leaving home Tuesday noon, Nov. 8, and not returning until the following Thursday noon, and not seeing a paper during that time. He knew the weather was ahead of time and the mud supremely awful, but did not fully understand the cause until he caught sight of the Boston Journal Thursday noon and learned that Uncle Sam had turned over in his (political) bed.

Albany.—The gathering at the church on Friday evening, Nov. 4, was quite a success, though the weather and traveling were about as bad as could well be. After the company had been well regaled on chicken pie, a pleasant entertainment was enjoyed by the audience. The most orthodox rendered some pleasing selections, Miss Ida Bosworth, of Moors, N. Y., sang several choice selections in a manner so simple and sweet as to fairly captivate the audience, and Revs. Bruce and Tupper, the latter an ex pastor, made remarks.

Morrisville.—The regular semi-annual change in the services was made Nov. 6. For the rest of the Conference year the service will be Episcopalian in the morning and at Morrisville in the afternoon. The house-warming at the new parsonage on Monday evening, Nov. 7, was a success. The needs of the physical man were supplied with oysters, and a musical and literary program, with remarks by Presiding Elder Boutwell, ministered to the demands of the higher nature.

Johnson.—Presiding Elder Boutwell preached a grand sermon, Nov. 6. Two young lady students from the Normal School were recently converted at our altar. A young man has been licensed to preach. Our ladies are organized into circles for calling, holding missionary societies, and other church work. They report 53 calls in one week.

Belvidere.—Rev. G. J. Newton, pastor of our church at Johnson, has preached here for two Sabbaths. No minister resides here, yet the people have built a church during the past summer, bought an organ, and held a Sunday-school. This is certainly a remarkable thing, and Methodist ought to occupy this promising field. Bro. Newton is located fourteen miles away, and cannot well supply them during the winter. He states that they are ready to support a good man and the opening is a hopeful one.

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St. Albans.—Sunday, Nov. 6, was the regular bi-monthly sacramental occasion. Over 100 partook of the communion, 2 were received in full connection, and 3 children were baptized. One more child and three adults were to have been baptized, but were prevented by sickness. In the evening the vestry was packed and a grand prayer meeting was enjoyed. The interest seems steadily rising. Right have recently been received on probation.

Springfield District.

Mechanicville.—An Epworth League has been organized by Rev. W. H. Atkinson, the pastor, at this place and also one at Otisville. New sheds have been built, and some repairs made on the parsonage. A new organ has been put into the church at Cuttingsville. Best of all, souls are coming to Christ.

South Royalton.—Rev. R. E. Bisbee, the pastor, is having large success here and at South Tunbridge. The congregations are larger than at any time for years. The financial interests are not neglected; all bills are promptly paid, including the pastor's salary, with money in the treasury most of the time beside.

Belvidere Falls.—The church here has lost a valuable member in the death of Sister L. P. Moody. The funeral occurred Oct. 13. Rev. C. H. Farnsworth, the pastor, officiating, assisted by Rev. L. L. Beaman, presiding elder of Springfield District. Mrs. Moody joined the church during the pastorate of the latter at Bellows Falls. She has ever been a tower of strength to the church, respected and loved by all. Her loss seems well-nigh irreparable to the church. The parsonage is nearing completion, and will be, when done, one of the best in the Conference.

Barnard.—Extensive repairs have been in progress on the church at this place for some time. It is expected to be reopened this church early next month. Rev. F. D. Handy, the pastor, is having deserved success. The following, clipped from a local paper, will explain itself:—

"The members of the M. E. Church and others gave a donation party for the benefit of the pastor, F. D. Handy, last week. A large number attended and had a very enjoyable time. Something over \$40 was realized. Mr. and Mrs. Handy have made many friends since they came to town. They are zealous workers in every good cause."

Windsor.—A successful Epworth League convention and District Preachers' Meeting were held at this place, Oct. 25-27. Owing to the schools being in session, not so many of the young people were present at the League convention as could have been desired; nevertheless a full program had been prepared, and a very profitable meeting was held. Rev. W. B. Davenport, of Waterbury,

the general correspondent of Zion's Herald for Montpelier District, addressed the convention in the evening. Every one was pleased with the address. The Preachers' Meeting program was responded to by nearly every one named for a paper or part. The following papers were presented: "The Mission and Omissions of the Modern Preachers' Meeting," L. P. Tucker; "Christian Work in Agricultural Districts," C. H. Farnsworth; "The Preacher as a Citizen," H. G. McLaughlin; "Woman's Work in the Church," L. L. Heaman; "Marriage and Divorce," C. F. Farbridge; "The Preacher's Duty to his Successor and the Relation of the Pastor to a Former Pastor," A. H. Webb; "How can the Poor Aid the Pastor?" R. E. Bisbee; "Is Man Dual, or Triune?" J. Knight; sermon by A. H. Webb; "The Response of the Women," "Tricks" and "Blunders," H. F. Forrest; "Do we Need a Conference Evangelistic Association?" A. W. Ford.

Proctorville.—The parsonage has been shingled at this place, and a new organ placed in the vestry.

White River Junction.—Rev. E. Snow, the pastor, addressed the Y. P. S. C. E. of West Lebanon, last Sunday evening, on the subject of temperance. The Epworth League of his own church went in a body to hear the lecture. Bro. Snow is meeting with deserved success in his work at the Junction, having already gained a strong hold upon his people.

L. L.

Montpelier District.

The foot-ball eleven at the Seminary has been gaining some notable victories of late. The most recent being those over the eleven of the St. Johnsbury Academy and the sophomore eleven of the University of Vermont at Burlington. But it is not alone in foot-ball that our fine institution at Montpelier takes the lead of the other schools of the State.

The Methodist church edifice at Oxbow has been given a new coat of paint on the exterior, and other accompanying improvements. Everything goes on prosperously under the administration of the pastor, Rev. J. O. Sherburn.

On a recent evening the Blanchard Opera House at Montpelier was crowded to hear concerning the results of the treatment given by the "Keely Cure Institute" recently located at that place. Forty of the graduates were seated on the stage, most of them known to the citizens of the capital, two prominent lawyers being included among them. These graduates spoke most feelingly and convincingly of the work which had been effected in their system, by means of which all love and longing for stimulants had been entirely taken from them, and their lost manhood restored. Several of the citizens, including Prof. Bishop of the Seminary, spoke of the general results seen by the people at large in the decrease of drunkenness. One of the saloon-keepers admitted that his daily receipts had fallen from \$35 to \$5 since the establishment of the Institute. The brethren of the Conference will be doing God service by sending any of their friends who may be afflicted with dipsomania to this Institute, where a faithful use of the remedies will be sure to effect a complete cure inside of a month. (N. B. This is not a paid advertisement.)

The Watchman spoke of the recent temperance lecture of Presiding Elder Trax before the W. C. T. U. at Worcester as being "powerful in logic." The elder always "gets there" when he speaks on the drink question.

Rev. R. J. Chrysler is always to preach at Waterbury Centre on Sunday, Nov. 6, on "The Presidential Election of 1892." He will undoubtedly draw a crowd.

Rev. W. S. Smithers, the pastor of the thriving Methodist society at Barre, was called to deliver the address in connection with the annual session of the Orange County S. S. Association at Brookfield.

Pastor Reynolds at Williamstown is pushing the new parsonage, and hopes to have modern improvements in the line of suitable plumbing and heating. These are facilities which every parsonage ought to possess—and every other residence, for that matter.

The new M. E. Church at Waterbury will probably be dedicated on Christmas week, and it is hoped that Bishop Foster can be secured for the dedication sermon.

A donation was recently held for Rev. Z. B. Wheeler, of Greenville, which netted him \$40. Bro. Wheeler has a hard field, but works with commendable faith and zeal.

The presiding elder writes that the quarterly meeting which was held at Worcester the last Sunday in October, was an unusual occasion. There was a large audience in the morning, and four persons decided to join the Christian church, and also after the communion. Pastor Ryan holds four services a Sabbath and four others during the week, has large numbers present, and is seeing some fruit from his labors.

RETAIL.

WINTER EXCURSION TICKETS

To all Florida and other Southern health and pleasure resorts, to Havana, Cuba, to Asheville, and Hot Springs, N. C., Luray, Old Point Comfort, Atlantic City, and other winter resorts have been placed on sale at Baltimore & Ohio ticket offices at greatly reduced rates.

For detailed information as to rates apply to C. P. Craig, 415 Broadway, New York; A. J. Simmons, 211 Washington St., Boston; James Potter, 830 Chestnut St., Phila.; or Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co. make an offer of the Chautauqua Desk, a Chautauqua Piano Lamp, or a Chautauqua Onyx Banquet Lamp, which will make the word memorable in many households for years to come. They have been before the people for a long time, and although they seem to offer an immense bargain, they fully carry out all they promise.

Littell's Living Age is particularly well adapted to the needs of the busy American whose leisure for extended reading is greatly restricted. To those whose means are limited it must meet with especial favor, for it offers them what could not otherwise be obtained except by a large outlay. Intelligent readers who want to save time and money will find it

Cleveland's

Baking Powder

Is called for in the latest recipes of

Marion Harland,

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

Mrs. Rorer,

Principal Philadelphia Cooking School.

Eliza R. Parker,

Author of "Economic Housekeeping."

Mrs. Dearborn,

which is absolutely

pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Invaluable. Its prospectus for 1893 presents some special attractions and is well worth attention in selecting one's reading matter for the new year. See advertisement.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Enameline

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH

Ready for use. Applied with a Cloth.

LITTLE LABOR, NO DUST, NO ODOR.

THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL

Stove Polish in the World.

Sold everywhere. Sample mailed FREE.

J. L. Prescott & Co., Box B, No. Berwick, Me.

THE BOSTON MAGEE HEATER

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for heating with warm air only, or in COMBINATION with HOT WATER, as shown in the cut below; is

DESERVEDLY POPULAR.

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CONTINUED ENDORSEMENT.

MAY WE SEND YOU A DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR WITH REFERENCES—LETTERS FROM USERS?

Every Particular if Properly arranged and used.

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